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## THE CELESTIAL TRIPLET.

HE who from necessity or choice is led to study the development of contemporary English songs will be confronted at an early stage of his enquiry by a mystery not easy to solve. The purveyors of words for songs are fond of ending their effusions with a reference to "realms of bliss" or "spheres above." There is no mystery about this; for that the attention of devout persons should be turned to a future life is eminently proper and edifying, and if that were the desired result the practice would call for nothing but commendation. Whether it is quite so commendable to use the idea of celestial happiness as a final flourish to a song, or as an incentive to applause, may be doubted, but at any rate, the fact remains, that a very large class of songs, and these the most popular of their kind, close with some allusions to heaven; such periphrases as "through the gates," "beyond the sky," &c., being commonly employed. The mystery we allude to is briefly this: that however widely song-writers may differ as to their musical treatment of any other common subject of sentiment, such as door-steps, poverty, love, and so forth, when they get to the two last pages of the song, in which the inevitable allusion to a better world is found, they invariably and with one consent accompany their melody in one particular way. Whether a pair of beggar children, after having sat for four pages on a doorstep in a wet night, in a minor key, and in common time, are to be transported to a brighter and a drier sphere; or whatsoever flight of fancy the poet may have yielded, we know perfectly well that groups of rapidly repeated chords in triplets are to be expected, and we are never disappointed. No other accompaniment is even suggested, and to judge by the contented way in which composers and the public have accepted the convention, a perfectly satisfactory musical symbol has been found for the expression of the idea of heaven. But it is difficult to see why this figure should be considered particularly suited to the highest conception of which man is capable, or why its merits are so superlative as to admit possible of variety. One element in the figure is indeed explicable by the aid of the symbolism that is common to all art. That element is the triple time of the figure, and of course the number three has always, and for sufficiently obvious reasons, been considered as typical of heavenly perfection. Here, however, we are baffled again, for there exist isolated instances of songs where a slight variety has been given to the figure, and in these cases it is precisely its triple element that is omitted. The repetition of the chords is made, but there are eight of them in a bar of common time, not twelve, as in the central type; so that the symbolism must be held to reside elsewhere than in the triple element.

It is curious to see how little the history of classical song-writing helps us to discover the origin or meaning of this symbol. One would expect to find that the practice of repeating chords dated from a period when the pianoforte was not so capable as it now is of sustaining notes for a length of time; and it is so; for no figure is commoner in Beethoven and Schubert than this very arrangement, whether in triplets, as in the case of the *Erl King*, or in groups of two or four, as in instances too numerous to mention. But though in many a classical song mention is made of heaven, we never find this figure used to accompany the passage. In Schubert's song just mentioned, the repeated notes contain an element of terror, and certainly not of celestial rapture. There is a classical convention in similar passages, but it is one that is perfectly obvious in its symbolism. The very name of *arpeggio* suggests the instrument that may be said to possess a monopoly of the celestial music; and, therefore, when we find the classical composer using broken chords to accompany

allusions to heaven, we are not for a moment surprised. This, like all other musical conventions—for instance, rolling and low notes for thunder, or certain phrases for the songs of birds—is perfectly explicable and reasonable, but for the phenomenon of which we are speaking no explanation can be found. As the tendency to drag in allusions to brighter spheres, in season and out of season, may be said to have had its origin in Miss Proctor's poetry, so the honour of having given a celestial symbolism to the triplets of repeated chords must, we think, be ascribed to Mr. Blumenthal. He may or may not have been the first to use the figure in this connection, but it is undoubtedly through the immense popularity of the song in which he employed it with so much effect, that the convention has become universal. But to give the history of a problem is not to solve it, and we are as far as ever from the longed-for explanation. We are left entirely to conjecture. A theory has been suggested by an imaginative person that the repeated chords are supposed to represent a *tremolo* on stringed instruments, in the same way that the tremulous strains of the "Ghost melody," in the *Corsican Brothers*, were represented by means of rapid changes of finger on single notes—a device now happily relegated to the piano-organs—and that the composer's idea was to typify the passage of spirits borne by angels through the "tremulous air;" this, however, seems too far-fetched, and is besides disproved by the frequent occurrence of the direction *martellato*, so that we are still left in the dark. This idea of "hammering" might lead to the supposition that reiterated knocking at the "golden gate" was what was intended to be depicted in the music, but this cannot be, for when "the message," in an early and authoritative instance of the use of the convention, "passed through the golden gate," we read of no such obstruction, and yet here is the figure perfectly developed. We do not deny the musical effectiveness of these hammered triplets, still less do we wish them to disappear altogether from the ephemeral ballads of which they form so important a part, but we do object to the universality of their use, when no meaning whatever can be found for them. We do not give up hope of finding out a solution as to their signification. Some may think the quest a useless one; others, accustomed to accept them as a necessary symbol of that idea with which they are now always connected, may overcome the difficulty, with the words, "Of course, repeated chords in triplets mean heaven"; but the earnest musician is not to be deterred from the search after the truth by any amount of discouragement. If all other means fail, we do not pledge ourselves not to write and ask Mr. Blumenthal himself for the explanation of an effect to which he was, at all events, one of the first to give his sanction, if he was not responsible for its invention.

## ELIZABETHAN SONG-BOOKS.—I.

BY A. H. BULLEN.

FEW readers, even among those who have travelled much in the "realms of gold," have a just estimate of the wealth of lyrical poetry contained in the Elizabethan song-books. Music and poetry in Elizabeth's days were joined in happy union. Composers were not content to regard the words as a mere peg on which to hang the music, but sought and obtained the services of true-born lyricists. For delicate perfection of form many of the Elizabethan songs can compare with the choicest epigrams in the Greek Anthology. I propose to deal in these papers with the verse rather than the music of the song-books.

In the year of the Spanish Armada, 1588, William Byrd published "Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadnes and Pietie," the first Elizabethan song-book of importance. Few bio-

graphical particulars concerning Byrd have come down. As he was senior chorister of St. Paul's in 1554, he is conjectured to have been born about 1538. From 1563 to 1569 he was organist of Lincoln Cathedral. He and Tallis were granted a patent, which must have proved fairly lucrative, for the printing of music and the vending of music-paper. In later life he appears to have become a convert to Romanism. His last work was published in 1611, and he died at a ripe old age on the 24th of July, 1623. The "Psalms, Sonets, and Songs" are dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton. In the dedicatory epistle he terms the collection "this first printed work of mine in English;" in 1575 he had published with Tallis "Cantiones Sacrae." From the title one would gather that Byrd's first English collection was mainly of a sacred character, but in an epistle to the reader he hastens to set us right on that point:—"Benign reader, here is offered unto thy courteous acceptance music of sundry sorts, and to content divers humours. If thou be disposed to pray, here are psalms; if to be merry, here are sonnets." There is, indeed, fare for all comers; and a reader has only himself to blame if he goes away dissatisfied. In those days, as in these, it was not uncommon for a writer to attribute all faults, whether of omission or commission, to the luckless printer. One old poet, after expressing his indignation that the printer had made "my Muse talk nonsense in a many places," winds up by declaring:—

"Whatsoe'er I put to printing next,  
*It* watch him, so he shall not mar the text."

Byrd, on the other hand, solemnly warns us that "in the expression of these songs either by voices or instruments, if there be any jar or dissonance," we are not to blame the printer, who has been at the greatest pains to secure accuracy. Then the composer makes a modest appeal on behalf of himself, requesting those who find any fault in the composition "either with courtesy to let the same be concealed," or "in friendly sort" point out the errors, which shall be corrected in a future impression. This is the proper manner of dealing between gentlemen.

Much exquisite poetry is enshrined in this first song-book of Byrd's, and the pity is that we know the names of so few of the authors. The four stanzas with which the collection opens, "I joy not in no earthly bliss," are doubtless to be appended to the stanzas beginning "My mind to me a kingdom is" (which form the fourth song in the collection), and the whole poem has been assigned on good authority to Spenser's friend, Sir Edward Dyer. Next comes a shepherd's complaint for unrequited love; "old-fashioned poetry," as Walton says, "but choicely good." I quote the first and the last of the five stanzas:—

"Though Amaryllis dance in green  
Like Fairy Queen,  
And sing full clear;  
Corina can, with smiling, cheer;  
Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,  
Hey ho! chil love no more."  
  
Love ye who list, I force him not:  
Since God it wot,  
The more I wail,  
The less my sighs and tears prevail.  
What shall I do? but say therefore,  
Hey ho! chil love no more."

The poem was reprinted in the sweetest of English anthologies, "England's Helicon," 1600. A dainty lyric, beginning "Who likes to love let him take heed," tells how "a sort of dames" complained to the gods that Love had been corrupted by gold; which news so angered the gods that they took away Love's bow and arrows and presented them to the ladies, who, "striving long," finally agreed to give them to

a maiden; and straightway the pretty mistress of the bow proceeded to pierce the heart of a hapless shepherd. Of course, in some of the lyrics we find the usual praises of pastoral life. Poets of all countries and of all times have sung the joys of the shepherd's lot, and often the strains are very frigid; but the Elizabethan lyrists always contrived to divest themselves of artificiality and write with genuine gusto on this well-worn subject. For freshness and simplicity the following stanzas remind me of that true poet, Nicholas Breton, when he is writing at his best:—

"All day their flocks each tendeth,  
At night they take their rest;  
More quiet than who sendeth  
His ship into the east,  
Where gold and pearl are plenty,  
But getting very dainty.  
  
For lawyers and their pleading  
They 'steem it not a straw,  
They think that honest meaning  
Is of itself a law:  
Whence conscience judgeth plainly  
They spend no money vainly.  
  
O, happy who thus liveth,  
Not caring much for gold,  
With clothing that sufficeth  
To keep him from the cold:  
Though poor and plain his diet,  
Yet merry it is and quiet."

The sacred songs have not the light lyric grace of the secular poems. A Christmas lullaby, beginning, "My sweet little baby, what meanest thou to cry?" which has been reprinted in some modern collections of Christmas carols, is sweet and tender, but has nothing of that delightful quaintness which lends such charm to the earlier carols.

Byrd's next publication was, "Songs of sundrie natures," which appeared in 1589, with a dedication to Sir Henry Carey, who seems to have been as staunch a patron of Byrd as his son, Sir George Carey, was of Dowland. In this collection we find the charming song (reprinted in "England's Helicon"), "While that the sun with his beams hot," with the sweetly plaintive refrain:—

"Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!  
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!  
Your mind is light, soon lost for new Love!"

One of the sonnets describes how on a summer's day Love went to swim in a sea of lovers' tears, and how, a storm arising, he narrowly escaped drowning:—

"Then for a boat his quiver stood in stead,  
His bow unbent did serve him for a mast,  
Whereby to sail his cloth of vail he spread,  
His shafts for oars on either board he cast:  
From shipwreck safe this wag got thus to shore,  
And sware to bathe in lovers' tears no more."

In 1611 appeared Byrd's last work, "Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets." The composer must have taken to heart the precepts laid down by Sir Edward Dyer in "My mind to me a kingdom," for his dedicatory epistle and his address to the reader show him to have been a man who had laid in a large stock of genial wisdom, upon which he could draw freely in the closing days of an honourable life. His earlier works had been well received, and in addressing "all true lovers of music," he knew that he could rely upon their cordial sympathy. "I am much encouraged," he writes, "to commend to you these my last labours, for mine *utimum vale*," and then follows a piece of friendly counsel: "Only this I desire, that you will be as careful to hear them well expressed, as I have been both in the composing and correcting of them. Otherwise the best song that ever was made will seem harsh and unpleasant; for that the well expressing of them either

by voices or instruments is the life of our labours, which is seldom or never well performed at the first singing or playing." Some exquisite lines on "Content" will remind the reader of Robert Greene's song ("Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content") in "The Farewell to Folly." As there is only one stanza, I must find room for it:—

"In chrystal towers and turrets richly set  
With glitt'ring gems that shine against the sun,  
In regal rooms of jasper and of jet,  
Content of mind not always likes to wonne :  
But oftentimes it pleaseth her to stay  
In simple cotes enclosed with walls of clay."

Transcribing these lines, I found my thoughts wandering to a famous choral passage of Aeschylus' "Agamemnon," which describes how Righteousness shines " $\& \delta\omega\kappa\alpha\eta\varsigma \delta\omega\rho\alpha\sigma$ " and shuns " $\tau\alpha \chi\rho\sigma\tau\alpha \delta\omega\theta\alpha$ ." I cannot part from William Byrd without quoting one brief homily, which we ought all to take to heart:—

"Let not the sluggish sleep,  
Close up thy waking eye,  
Until with judgment deep  
Thy daily deeds thou try :  
He that one sin in conscience keeps  
When he to quiet goes,  
More vent'rous is than he that sleeps  
With twenty mortal foes."

(To be continued.)

#### WITH LISZT.

From Miss FAY's *Music-Study in Germany*.  
(Continued from page 185.)

Fräulein Gaul tells a characteristic story about the "Meister," as we call Liszt. When she first came to him a year or two ago, she brought him one day Chopin's B flat minor Scherzo—one of those stock pieces that every artist *must* learn, and that has also been thrummed to death by countless tyros. Liszt looked at it, and to her fright and dismay cried out in a fit of impatience, "No, I *won't* hear it!" and dashed it angrily into the corner. The next day he went to see her, apologized for his outburst of temper, and said that as a penance for it he would force himself to give her not one, but two or three lessons on the Scherzo, and in the most minute and careful manner—which accordingly he did! Fancy any music-teacher you ever heard of, so humbling himself to a little girl of fifteen, and then remember that Tausig, the greatest of modern virtuosi, said of Liszt, "No mortal can measure himself with Liszt. He dwells upon a solitary height."

But you need not fear that I am "giving up American standards" because I reverence Liszt so boundlessly. Everything is topsy-turvy in Europe according to *our* moral ideas, and they don't have what we call "men" over here. But they *do* have artists that we cannot approach! It is as a Master in Art that I look at and write of Liszt, and his mere presence is to his pupils such stimulus and joy, that when I leave *him* I shall feel I have left the best part of my life behind!

#### CHAPTER XX.

Liszt's Compositions—His Playing and Teaching of Beethoven—His "Effects" in Piano-playing—Excursion to Lena—A New Music-Master.

WEIMAR, July 24, 1873.

Liszt is going away to-day. He was to have left several days ago, but the Emperor of Austria or Russia (I don't know which) came to visit the Grand Duke, and of course Liszt was obliged to be on hand and to spend a day with them. He is such a grandee himself that kings and emperors are quite matters of course to him. Never was a man so courted and spoiled as he! The Grand Duchess herself frequently visits him. But he never allows any one to ask him to play, and even she doesn't venture it. That is the only point in which one sees Liszt's sense of his own greatness; otherwise his manner is remarkably unassuming.

Liszt will be gone until the middle of August, and I shall be thankful to have a few weeks of repose, and to be able to study more

quietly. With him one is at high pressure all the time, and I have gained a good many more ideas from him than I can work up in a hurry. In fact, Liszt has revealed to me an entirely new idea of piano-playing. He is a wonderful *composer*, by the way, and that is what I was unprepared for in him. His oratorio of "Christus" was brought out here this summer, and many strangers and celebrities came to hear it, Wagner among others. It was magnificent, and one of the noblest, and decidedly the grandest oratorio that I ever heard. I've never had time to write home about it, for I felt that it required a dissertation in itself to do it justice. I wish it could be performed in Boston, for his orchestral and choral works, I am sorry to say, make their way very slowly in Germany. "Liszt helped Wagner," said he to me sadly, "but who will help Liszt?" though, compared with Opera, it is as much harder for Oratorio to conquer a place as it is for a pianist to achieve success when compared to a singer. So he feels as if things were against him, though his heart and soul are so bound up in sacred music that he told me it had become to him "the only thing worth living for." He really seems to care almost nothing for his piano-playing or for his piano compositions.

And yet what beauty is there in those compositions! In Berlin I had always been taught that Liszt was a would-be composer, that he could not write a melody, that he had no originality, and that his compositions were merely glitter to dazzle the eyes of the public. How unjust and untrue have I found all these assertions to be! Here I have an opportunity of hearing his piano works *en masse*, and day by day (since all the young artists are playing them), and my previous ideas have been entirely reversed. If Liszt is *anything*, he is *original*. One can see that at a glance, simply by imagining his music taken out. Where is there anything that would fill its place? When artists wish to make an "effect" and stir up the public—"to fuse the leaden thousands," as Chopin expressed it—what do they play? Liszt! Not only is his music brilliant—not only does he pour his wealth of pearls and diamonds down the key-board, but his pieces rise to great climaxes, are grandiose in style, overleap all boundaries, and whirl you away with the vehemence of passion. Then what lightness of touch in the lesser *morceaux*, where he is often the acme of tenderness, grace, and fairy-like sportiveness; while in the melancholy ones, what subtle feeling after the emotions curled up in the remote corners of the heart! They are so rich in harmony, so weird, so wild, that when you hear them you are like a sea-weed cast upon the bosom of the ocean. And then what could be more deep and poetic than Liszt's transcriptions of Schubert's and Wagner's songs? They are altogether exquisite. Finally, Liszt's compositions stand the severest test of merit. They *wear* well. You can play them a long time and never weary of them. In short, they embrace every element *except* the classic, and the question is, whether these airy or intense ideas that appeal to you through their veils of shimmer and sheen are not a sort of classics in their own way!

Liszt's "Christus" is arranged for piano for four hands, and I wish I had it, and also Bülow's great edition of Beethoven's sonatas. Oh! you cannot *conceive* anything like Liszt's playing of Beethoven. When *he* plays a sonata it is as if the composition rose from the dead and stood transfigured before you. You ask yourself, "Did *I* ever play that?" But it bores him so dreadfully to hear the sonatas, that though I've heard him teach a good many, I haven't had the courage to bring him one. I suppose he is sick of the sound of them, or perhaps it is because he feels obliged to be conscientious in teaching Beethoven!

When one of the young pianists brings Liszt a sonata, he puts on an expression of resignation and generally begins a half protest which he afterward thinks better of. "Well, go on," he will say, and then he proceeds to be very strict. He always teaches Beethoven with notes, which shows how scrupulous he is about him, for, of course, he knows all the sonatas by heart. He has Bülow's edition, which he opens and lays on the end of the grand piano. Then as he walks up and down he can stop and refer to it and point out passages, as they are being played, to the rest of the class. Bülow probably got many of his ideas from Liszt. One day, when Mr. Orth was playing the Allegro of the Sonata, Op. 110, Liszt insisted upon having it done in a particular way, and made him go back and repeat it over and over again. One line of it is particularly hard. Liszt made every one in the class sit down and try it. Most of them failed, which

amused him. "Ah, yes," said he, laughing, "when I once begin to play the pedagogue I am not to be outdone?" and then he related as an illustration of his "pedagogism" a little anecdote of a former pupil of his, now an eminent artist. "I liked young M. very much," said he. "He played beautifully, but he was inclined to be lazy and to take things easily. One morning he brought me Chopin's E minor concerto, and he rather skimmed over that difficult passage in the middle of the first movement as if he hadn't taken the trouble really to study it. His execution was not clean. So I thought I would give him a lesson, and I kept him playing those two pages over and over for an hour or two until he had mastered them. His arms must have been ready to break when he got through! At the next lesson there was no M. I sent to know why he did not appear. He replied that he had been out hunting and had hurt his arm so that he could not play. At the lesson following he accordingly presented himself with his arm in a sling. But I always suspected it was a stratagem on his part to avoid playing, and that nothing really ailed him. He had had enough for one while," added Liszt, with a mischievous smile.

On Monday I had a most delightful tête-à-tête with Liszt quite by chance. I had occasion to call upon him for something, and, strange to say, he was alone, sitting by his table and writing. Generally all sorts of people are up there. He insisted upon my staying a while, and we had the most amusing and entertaining conversation imaginable. It was the first time I ever heard him really talk, for he contents himself mostly with making little jests. He is full of *esprit*. We were speaking of the faculty of mimicry, and he told me such a funny little anecdote about Chopin. He said that when he and Chopin were young together, somebody told him that Chopin had a remarkable talent for mimicry, and so he said to Chopin, "Come round to my rooms this evening and show off this talent of yours." So Chopin came. He had purchased a blonde wig ("I was very blonde at that time," said Liszt), which he put on, and got himself up in one of Liszt's suits. Presently an acquaintance of Liszt's came in. Chopin went to meet him instead of Liszt, and took off his voice and manner so perfectly that the man actually mistook him for Liszt, and made an appointment with him for the next day—"and there I was in the room," said Liszt. Wasn't that remarkable?

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

### THE PHYSIOLOGY OF ARTISTIC SINGING.\*

Newcastle is not more surely our emporium for coals, than America is for our soprano singers. For many years successions of admirable *prime donne* have come to us across the Atlantic, and it is certain that without them the Italian Opera could not have lingered on so long as it did among us. Previously to the temporary decease of that institution, two ladies divided the admiration and the guineas of its supporters, and both saw the light in the Western hemisphere, though neither one nor the other belonged to the nation that styles itself American *par excellence*. We may be as reluctant to accept the dicta of Cousin Jonathan on subjects connected with our national or musical life, as we are to adopt his orthography, but we must admit that he knows "a thing or two" about the voice, and that at least he is worth listening to on this one subject.

Briefly, Mr. Howard's treatise on the production of the voice may be described as a transatlantic counterpart of the English work on the same subject by Messrs. Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke. He has, however, a distinct line of his own, and a theory which he establishes with the aid of a great deal of anatomical research, and many diagrams, calculated to give the sensitive student what she will doubtless call "quite a turn." His discovery seems simple enough at first sight; but it is certainly true that no writer on the subject—at least none with whose work we are acquainted—has been before him. It may be shortly stated to be this: that the motions of the external

\* The Physiology of Artistic Singing, by John Howard, author of "Respiratory Control," "The Vocal Process," &c. Published by John Howard, Boston, Massachusetts.

muscles of the larynx are affected by, and themselves affect, the production of the voice to an extent that has hitherto been unsuspected; so much so that the test of touch can be applied in various ways by the student to ascertain whether the voice is or is not being rightly formed and used. The author expressly disclaims for his book the title of "method," discriminating very justly between that and the present name of the work. "A physiology," he says, "describes the laws of vocal action; a vocal method gives pupils the voluntary government of the muscular agents acting according to these laws."

It will be readily imagined that the popular equestrian performance known as "riding a hobby to death" is by no means outside the range of our author's accomplishments. We are old-fashioned enough to think that he goes a little beyond the mark in speaking of "the haphazard theory of Garcia," and in asserting, in reference to the laryngoscope, that "he has yet to learn a single fact valuable in artistic singing which has been revealed by this instrument." The object of the book is, as we have seen, to direct the student or the teacher to what are called the Personal Tests, i.e., experiments concerning voice-production to be performed by means of feeling the muscles of the throat and chest, but there are many subordinate theories, such as the importance of the spine as an agent in the vocal mechanism, which, though indirectly connected with the central subject, will interest the student and contribute to the general result.

We may finally add that the scientific jargon used in such books as the present, and adopted by many singing-masters and professionals, has added very little to the real advancement of the art. Faustina Hasse and Farinelli, and later on Grisi and Lablache and Mario, knew nothing about "vocal chords" and "larynx" and "pharynx," but they knew how to sing, which after all is the most important thing.

### GUSTAVE CHOUQUET.

(From "l'Europe Artiste," March 14, 1886.)

The late M. Gustave Chouquet, formerly professor of literature at New York and, in 1849, secretary to the Consul-General of France at that city, cultivated music originally as an amateur. He wrote from time to time notices of the opera in the "Courrier des Etats Unis," and subsequently an article on Music every week in "The Albion" under the nom de plume of Gamma. On his return to France he contributed articles on the same subject to various French journals. Circumstances obliged the amateur critic of "La France Musicale" to become in 1862 a musical *littérateur* by profession, writing, among other works, a *History of Music in France*, for which he obtained the "Bordin" prize. This work, revised and enlarged, was afterwards printed and assisted, as well as his *Hymne à la Paix*, in making his name known in France and elsewhere. Among those who helped to obtain for him the advantages he required for his new career, none were more useful to him than Ambroise Thomas and Georges Kastner, both members of the *Institut de France*. After the death of Georges Kastner, M. Chouquet wrote the following letter to the widow of that eminent artist, expressing his gratitude for the services her husband had rendered him.

"Madame, I cannot let this sad day pass without telling you how much I participate in your profound grief. The part I take in your sorrow has nothing worldly in it. I know well the noble soul of the friend we mourn, and I never shall forget the kindnesses I have received from him. Do not fear that I shall lose sight of the past, but at all times count upon me to recall the noble qualities of him whom I consider as my master and my truest guide. I have but little influence, but I have at least the merit of always thinking of my regretted friend, and if I have an opportunity of bringing before the public any of his yet unpublished works, be assured, dear Madame, I will do it with pleasure. Besides, if in this cruel affliction anything could soften your grief it would be the universally sincere regret felt by all."

As to Georges Kastner he did for Chouquet what he had done for many others. Every one knows how much it gratified him to be kind to all. The blackest ingratitude could not obscure the brightness of his artistic reputation, the goodness of his heart, and his inexhaustible charity.

## Poetry.

[*After the German of Goethe.*]

Daily, when the far-surrounding  
Mountains, longing, I descry ;  
Or when stars, superabounding,  
Burn above me gloriously ;

Every day and night with praising  
Then I sing, Oh ! Man, thy fate,  
Who to Right thine eyes upraising  
Ever dost the Pure and Great.

## Occasional Notes.

Mr. Vivian Leigh Taylor addresses to us a letter in which he asks the pertinent question : How is it that good songs are so scarce ? His answer is, because they are generally written to such abominable words. "A song," he remarks, "should be a picture in which the words form the outline, whilst the music should supply the colouring. Rich colouring does not atone for bad drawing, and good music is wasted upon poor words. English songs will never be what they should be until the poet is encouraged, by liberal remuneration, to assist the composer in producing results worthy of their common vocation as the high priests of true art."

Liszt arrived in Paris on Saturday last, and was met at the Chemin de Fer du Nord by a number of Hungarian residents in Paris, who gave vent to their national enthusiasm by shouting "Eljen !" in chorus. Amongst them was Munkaczy, the painter, in whose brougham the composer was driven to the Hôtel de Calais, after having been presented by Madame Munkaczy with a magnificent bouquet of red roses. English newspaper correspondents were profoundly struck by his long flowing hair, his "ecclesiastical shovel hat," and "his Roman collar." In the evening he was visited by M. Emile Ollivier, the same who entered into the Franco-German war with a "light heart," and whose first wife was a daughter of Liszt. The great composer will not play in public, although his hands are by no means as the *Daily News* correspondent amiably surmises, "almost crippled from rheumatic gout."

We may mention in this connection that the tableaux vivants from *Saint Elizabeth* represented at the Schauspielhaus, Berlin, in celebration of the Emperor's 89th birthday, were a very grand affair indeed. The members of the highest aristocracy—the Radziwills, the Ratibors, the Hohenlohes, the Moltkes, the Pücklers, and the Blüchers—embodied the various characters ; and Colonel Swaine, military attaché, and Mr. Bland, of the British Embassy, figured as mail-clad knights, and made most effective-looking warriors.

The scenes presented from the life of St. Elizabeth were :— "The arrival at the Wartburg," "Days of Infancy," "The miracle of the roses," "The departure for the Crusade," "The flight from the Wartburg," "The feeding of the poor," "The glorification," and "The visit of Kaiser Friedrich II. and his train to the Church of St. Elizabeth in the Wartburg." Professor Klindworth conducted the accompanying music from

Liszt's oratorio, and amongst the audience was the venerable Emperor with many of the celebrated soldiers and beauties of his Court.

All this sounds magnificent enough. At the same time the mixture of semi-dramatic and purely musical elements does not strike one as a very happy one. The Germans are very fond of this mixture. They like nothing so much as showing you the Lorelei on her rock in a darkened room, with an invisible orchestra or piano playing Silcher's Volkslied. The reason why similar things are not attempted in England is probably not a purely aesthetic one ; but, for once, our want of enterprise has protected us from what we are inclined to think an artistic error.

Sir George Grove has addressed a letter to the *Times* in which he cordially backs the suggestion of that journal to press music into the service of the public on Sunday :—"Many a church," he writes, "which now has only a scanty congregation on the Lord's Day would be filled to overflowing if such music as the *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise,' or 'Praise Jehovah,' or 'Christus,' with a symphony of Beethoven's (as truly religious as any oratorio), could be heard there, thoroughly well performed, on a Sunday afternoon, with a few prayers to sanction the performance and assert its religious character. Nor would it be less satisfactory because it had taken place in so appropriate a spot as a church, which to nine-tenths of us is the home of some of our best associations."

Whatever religious people may think of the admission that many churches without music remain empty, they will at least agree that a large though musical congregation is better than a very scanty one or none at all. The danger, in the eyes of such people, is, that churches will gradually be turned into concert-rooms ;—a danger which has frequently and not unjustly been pointed out by the clergymen of the cathedral cities, who object on principle to the Three Choir Festivals. We can remember being shocked at one of these festivals by a young lady, who arrived late at a morning performance, carrying in her hand one of the leading society papers in a somewhat ostentatious manner. She was right from her own point of view. She came to a concert which happened to be given in a cathedral ; she had paid her money and she took her choice.

In the course of his letter Sir George incidentally remarks, "Morals, I for one think, have nothing to do with music unless in a very indirect way." What will Mr. Haweis say to this, who has written a book about music and morals ? and what, if the *Times* is read in Hades, the still more illustrious author of the famous distich, thus complacently misquoted by Colonel Newcome :—

"Ingenuis didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollunt mores nec sinuisse feros."

Time brings its revenges, even for operatic managers, and M. Oscar Comettant has enforced, and perhaps hastened, the fulfilment of this inevitable law by reviving an incident in connection with the production of Gounod's *Faust*, by M. Carvalho. "Towards the last rehearsals of the work," says M. Comettant, "serious embarrassment arose in the theatre conducted by M. Carvalho : every one criticized and suggested cuts ; and M. Carvalho was by no means backward in recommending the eminent author of *Sapho* to make important suppressions. Now, do you know what portions of Gounod's opera M. Carvalho was anxious to curtail ? Only the garden scene, the air of *Faust* ('Salve dimora'), and the quartet, not to mention other gems !"

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.****MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.****THE THIRTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON**

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

**MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, 1886,***To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.***Programme.**

PART I.—Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin (first time), Herzogenberg, Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Herr Joachim; Song, "Journey Song" (Mendelssohn), Mr. Henry Piercy; Sonata in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for Pianoforte alone (Beethoven), Madame Schumann.

PART II.—Septet in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Doublebass (Beethoven), MM. Joachim, Strauss, Lazarus, Paesch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti; Songs, "The Dream" and "The Tear" (Rubinstein), Mr. Henry Piercy; Introduction and Polonaise for Pianoforte and Violoncello (Chopin), Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Signor Piatti.—Accompanist, Mr. Sidney Naylor.

**SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS****Programme**

FOR

**SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 27, 1886,***To commence at Three o'clock precisely.*

Quartet in F major, Op. 41, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Schumann), MM. Strauss, L. Ries, A. Gibson, and Piatti; Songs, "Ich liebe dich" (Beethoven) and "Ungeduld" (Schubert), Miss Carlotta Elliot; Sonata in E flat, "Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour," for Pianoforte alone (Beethoven), Madame Schumann; Largo and Allegro for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (Veracini), Signor Piatti; Song, "O ! sun that wakenest" (F. Corder), Miss Carlotta Elliot; Quartet in G major, Op. 77, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Haydn), MM. Strauss, L. Ries, A. Gibson, and Piatti.—Accompanist, Signor Romili.

**CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT**, March 27, at Three o'clock. Vocalist, Miss Kate Flinn; Solo Violin, Herr Joachim; Conductor, Mr. August Manns. Programme will include Overture to "Prometheus" (Beethoven); Violin Concerto (Beethoven); Symphony, No. 7, in A (Beethoven); Violin Solo; and Suite, "Les Nations" (Moszkowski)—first time.—Seats, 2s, 6d., 1s., and 6d.

**ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.**

Patron—Her Majesty The QUEEN.

President—H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH, K.G.

Conductor—Mr. BARNEY.

Gounod's "REDEMPTION," on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, at eight. Artists: Madame Biro de Marion, Miss A. Albu, Miss H. Wilson; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. Santley. Organist, Dr. Stainer.—Prices, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., 4s., and Gallery, 1s.

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MADAME VIARD-LOUIS regrets to say that owing to illness, she has been obliged to POSTPONE her NINETEENTH MEETING. A new date will be fixed as soon as Madame Viard-Louis is sufficiently recovered to appear in public.

**S. ELIZABETH** (Hommage à Liszt).—The Abbé LISZT'S ORATORIO or MUSIC to the Legend of "St. Elizabeth" will be PERFORMED at the LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC'S ANNUAL SPRING CONCERT, in ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, April 7. Complete orchestra and chorus. Conductor—Professor Wyld, Mus. D. Principal violin, Herr Pollitzer. Principal vocalists: S. Elizabeth, Miss M. Macintyre; Sophia, Miss Rose Moss; Hermann, Mr. Lister; and Landgrave Ludwig, Mr. Albert Reakes. On the same occasion will be performed Dr. LISZT'S Concerto in E flat. Pianist, Miss Florence Henderson (gold medalist). C. TREW, Hon. Sec.

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MONDAY, MAY 10, "

MONDAY, MAY 17, "

MONDAY, MAY 24, "

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FIVE GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS**

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MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1886.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, "

SATURDAY, MAY 22, "

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for the best Song, to English words, and by a composer resident in England. MSS. should be sent in on or before May 1, 1886, and should bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope, containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letter of the successful competitor will be opened. The judges will be three musicians of reputation whose names will be announced in due course. The song selected will be published as a supplement to *The Musical World*. For full particulars see *The Musical World* of Feb. 6.

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WITH THIS WEEK'S NUMBER OF *The Musical World* a

### PORTRAIT

OF

### FRANZ LISZT,

WITH FACSIMILE OF SIGNATURE

IS PUBLISHED AS A SUPPLEMENT.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886.

### OUR VISITOR.

BEFORE five days are over Franz Liszt will be amongst us, and the noble face, of which we give a counterfeit presentment, will be seen and watched by a thousand eyes in our concert-rooms. That Liszt's visit will be a success in the ordinary sense of the word, cannot be open to doubt. His music, especially his Symphonic Poems, his Hungarian Rhapsodies, and his songs have been gaining vast popularity of late in this country ; and although that music has still a number of more or less intelligent antagonists amongst us, it must be hoped that these will not mar the occasion by discordant sounds or printed signs. England, in receiving Liszt as he should be received, is in a measure making *amende* for the sins of a past or passing generation. Liszt's last visit to this country was not as successful as might have been. Alone amongst the nations of the world we did not think much of his pianoforte-playing. We liked Thalberg better ! Liszt's provincial tour threatened to be a financial failure, when, with the generosity peculiar to himself, he released his agent from all responsibility and refunded the money already spent. After that he went away and preferred to stay away. Not that the loss of lucre was anything to him ; he probably did not give it another thought ; no one is more apt than himself to forget his own generous actions ; they are indeed too numerous to be remembered. But the slight put upon his artistic genius was more likely to rankle in his mind, and it is this impression which, it must be hoped, will be removed when Liszt again comes to our shores.

With all these matters and with Liszt's claims to immortality, it is not our purpose to deal on the present occasion. Our remarks are called forth by the features which are before us, and will be before our readers when they

peruse this. Nature is sometimes accused of hiding genius in a mean covering. Æsop was a hunchback, and Pope's body resembled a mark of interrogation. Let us do justice to the great Mother of all in looking at Liszt's face and form. Here she has indeed achieved a masterpiece, welding matter and mind into an organism of perfect harmony. Dr. Johnson used to say that anyone standing with Burke under a doorway to avoid a shower of rain would know that he had been with a great man. If any grocer were lucky enough to ride with Liszt in a twopenny omnibus, one would think that he must feel in some vague instinctive way that a genius had entered that lowly vehicle ; so commanding is the musician's brow, so strikingly prominent his nose (no man of genius, excepting Shelley, ever had a small nose), so sweet the smile of his lips—"rhymed lips," as Heine said, speaking of the mouth of a great poet of his nation. Even time, the great destroyer of beautiful things, has in this case shown forbearance. People who knew Liszt twenty or thirty years ago, when all the ladies were raving about him, declare that his appearance is even more striking now than then ; the features, thrown into relief by a white wave of hair, stand forth more boldly, more grandly sculpturesque than when rounded off by the softness of youth. We are not amongst the disciples of Gall and Lavater, and the various "bumps" discovered by those authorities do not impress us very deeply ; but if ever a face was symbolic of a mind and a heart, then Liszt must be a man of genius, and he must be a kind and generous man to boot. Fortunately theory is in this case, borne out by fact. His genius the world knows ; his generosity is less generally appreciated, for the reason that Liszt has never paraded it before the eyes of the crowd. Money he always regarded as dross, a fact which English musicians before all others should take to heart. No artist ever drew larger crowds, and therefore commanded higher prices, and yet in his seventy-sixth year he is comparatively poor. Boundless liberality has always been his motto from the time when, for want of sufficient subscription, he paid the expenses of the Beethoven statue in Bonn out of his own pocket, to the present moment when, as Miss Fay recently described in our columns, he gives up his time to his pupils without ever taking a penny in return. But Liszt's bounty, like Juliet's, "boundless as the sea," is not limited to pecuniary sacrifice. All his life he has been working for other men's artistic success and fame. Wagner owed much to his championship ; so did the later works of Beethoven ; so did Schubert and Schumann, and Berlioz and Saint-Saëns. He was one of the first to recognize the genius of Joachim, and Bülow and Tausig and a host of others were amongst his pupils on the pianoforte.

If during the ensuing week crowds flock round Liszt wherever he appears in public ; if they cheer him and clap their hands to him ; if they make him

The expectancy and rose of the fair town,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers,

their lion will be for once worth lionizing ; their swan will not be a goose.

## "Musical World" Stories.

### A VILLAGE CONTEST.

BY IVAN TURGENEVE.

(Continued from page 187.)

He is a sharp man, full of prudence, and neither good nor bad. He is a clever speculator, with a knowledge of men, by which he does not fail to profit upon occasion. At a push, he can be as bold and crafty as the fox. He may be as talkative as an old woman and yet never say a word more than he intended, while he makes others tell him what they want to conceal. He does not, however, sham stupidity like so many sly fellows of his sort; and such a part would be very hard for him to play. For in no man that I ever yet met have I seen eyes so piercing and so twinkling with intelligence as the little rascally eyes of this worthy burgess. He does not put them to the common use of looking people in the face, but to glance at you sideways, inside, from below, or behind. Morgatch sometimes spends whole weeks in thinking over some undertaking that seems quite simple and commonplace, and suddenly he launches forth upon a scheme of unheard-of boldness. He is certain to come to grief! No! See, he has fallen upon his legs and there he goes calmly and comfortably. He is lucky, and believes in his luck. He believes in presentiments; he is superstitious. He is not liked; but what cares he? He is looked up to, and that is all he wants. His family consists of one beardless son, on whom he doats. The youth is bound to get on; he has been formed in his father's school, and his father is past master in everything.

"Little Morgatch is a chip of the old block," said the village elders to one another, as they sat in council of a summer's evening on the banks that serve to prop their cottage walls. And everyone takes particular care to add nothing to this diplomatic little phrase.

The contractor—is the contractor, and is scarcely known by any other name in the neighbourhood. He is employed on every kind of job. For he is humble and active: and if he ever betrays his vanity on any single point, it is the beauty of his voice, and his talent as a singer.

Passing to Turk-Iachka, his rival in the contest, we should premise that his nickname Turk was given him because he really was the son of a Turkish mother, who had been brought a prisoner to Russia. This man, in spite of his rough exterior, is an artist at heart—an artist in every sense of the term. He was employed at the works of a neighbouring papermaker.

As to the Wild Gentleman, Diki Barin, I shall not be so sparing in details: for the advanced stage of civilization to which the world has now reached has had the singular effect of spreading the taste for savages. So I hasten to say that this is the most puzzling of my characters, but less wild and less a gentleman than from his nickname might appear.

The impression he produces at first sight, is one of brute force, heavy, oppressive, unconquerable, and overwhelming. He must have the health of a Hercules, rough-hewn in heart of oak, and endowed with life enough for ten men. If you will not take him as Alcides, I may just as well present him to you as a bear. But I warn you that my bear has a grace peculiar to himself, a grace indisputable, arising, I believe from his grand placid faith in his own bear-like, manly strength. It is very hard to guess, particularly at first sight, in what category to place him. All the data about him are quite negative. He is not a nobleman's servant, nor a burgess, nor an agent, nor a lawyer who has been ruined and retired from business. Still less is he a landed gentleman, a lackland ruined by his folly, a huntsman, poacher, bravo, or parasite. He is what he is. An embodiment of strength, a man of an inoffensive nature, who wills what he wills, and to whom everyone gives way without a thought. The reason of his liking for our district is generally unknown. Some have asserted their opinion that he was *undoubtedly* descended from a family of small freeholders, and that he must have seen some service in the army, unless indeed he had been in the civil service, either administrative or judicial. The fact is nothing positive can be laid down, and he is really the only person who could correctly write his own biography, that is if he can write, which,

again, he only knows. As to making him speak for himself, we have seen that he is naturally taciturn, not to say surly.

We must still enquire how he manages to live. All that seems certain is that he follows no profession, craft, or trade; visits nobody that one can name; courts acquaintance with no earthly creature; and yet has never been seen lacking money or buying anything on credit. As there is nothing modest in his nature, I will not say that he behaves modestly, but peaceably. He lives as one who, being absolutely independent, has made up his mind once for all to notice nobody. Spoken of, he is only known by the nickname of Diki-Barin; but spoken to he is never addressed otherwise than as Perevlesoff. No one ever saw him go out of his way to establish an ascendancy over little people, yet he has actually a very considerable influence over the whole district. He is obeyed instantly and with goodwill, although he has no right to give orders, and never gives cause even for a suspicion that he lays claim to the obedience of those with whom chance brings him in contact.

He speaks, he makes a sign and he is obeyed. It is one of the privileges of strength. The knowledge that it may advance makes us give way; the knowledge that it may force us to come makes us come to it of our own accord. He drank scarcely any spirits, never talked to women; but the singing of men or of women he adored.

His character attracted attention more powerfully than any enigma, inscription or other mystery that man has arbitrarily created out of the thousand combinations emanating from his inventive brain. A man taken *per se* as a subject for study, presents such depths to sound that he seems a sort of infinity—for man is of God.

In Perevlesoff there seem to me potentialities which he keeps gloomily enshrouded in his deepest self, knowing that if once they arose and sallied forth, the free air would forthwith make them drunk, whereon expanding they would dash him against whatever met them on their way. I am much mistaken if some such accident has not befallen him in the past, in consequence of which he now profits by experience and having with the utmost difficulty escaped a fearful catastrophe maintains a pitiless despotism over himself, exerting so strict and watchful a restraint that all his time and faculties are taken up by it. What struck me most in Perevlesoff was an extraordinary combination which I never saw in any other man of the same rank in life, but which might be surprised in his glance—the violent natural instincts of innate ferocity, hard to curb, combined with a nobleness of heart no less natural.

The contractor, standing midway between the bar and the corner he had just quitted, half-closed his eyes, and in a very high treble began an air belonging to those parts, which I had never heard before, and which can be attempted only by the best voices, and such as can reach without loss of purity to the highest register.

Our singer's voice was in fact sweet and agreeable; but somewhat grained or speckly. He played with it as if he were twirling about some costly toy shining with rubies. The sound seemed to come from the clouds, descending and ascending continually on the spirals of some crystal staircase bathed in sunlight. From these unseen heights he rained down cloudlets of dazzling melody which gracefully floated and swayed. Then magical cadenzas issued forth like shooting stars to lose themselves in silence—and, after these pauses, scarcely long enough for breathing-time, the melody began again with a rapturous brilliancy and boldness. In the quick evolutions of his song, passages of fierce pride were followed by pleasing strains, and the perfect art with which he managed the transitions interested me far more than his shakes and scales, prodigious as was their melodic completeness. Any connoisseur would have been charmed to hear what I was hearing. A German would have groaned and murmured at it. As a Russian *tenor di grazia*, he would have been appreciated at Milan, Venice, or Naples, and as a light tenor at Paris.

What he sang was really a joyous dance-tune. The words, so far as I could catch them amid the interminable *fioriture*, added consonants, vowels multiplied in grace-notes, and exclamations which burst out like signal-guns, were something of this sort:

"In my youth, silly maid, I stood hoeing  
Our little square parcel of ground,  
And, simple and happy, was sowing  
Around  
The seed of the Michaelmas daisies,  
Of poppies and rosemary,  
When handsome young Kouzma . . ."

He sang, and all listened to him with the utmost attention. He evidently felt that he was in the presence of able and experienced judges; and, to use a graphic national expression, he "did not stay in his skin." Indeed, in our neighbourhood keen connoisseurs in singing are to be counted by hundreds; and the great town of Sergieffsky, on the Orel high road, which is celebrated throughout Russia for the sweetness and charm of the singing there, has not usurped its reputation.

In spite of his melodious feats the worthy man sang long without producing any very powerful emotion among his hearers. He lacked the aid of a chorus to support him at the periodical return of the refrain by repeating in the third person, the words given above, "In her youth, silly maid, she stood hoeing."

At length, after a difficult passage, marvellously well mastered, whereat Diki Barin himself smiled with pleasure, Obaldouï could restrain himself no longer, and gave a loud cry of delight. All felt a tremor of enjoyment. Obaldouï and Morgatch began to accompany him in an undertone and play the part of chorus, and when the singer's voice rose alone, they murmured and called out alternately, "Bravo! that's the style! that's the style! Go it, you rascal! Yes, sing away, you asp—you scoundrel!" with other tender epithets of this sort.

Nicolai Ivanych, by the corner of his bar, was wagging his head approvingly from right to left. Obaldouï at last buried his head between his shoulders in extreme jubilation, and energetically tapped and kicked the floor. Iachka's eyes were red and burning; he trembled like the forest leaves, and smiled like one who has the fever. Only Diki-Barin's countenance underwent no change; he sat motionless, but his eyes, fixed on the singer, had a wonderfully soft look, although his lip still wore its curve of scorn.

Cheered by these signs of general satisfaction, the artiste went off like a whirlwind. He performed such shakes and scales, gave forth such wonderful throat notes, followed by such cascades of sound that when at last, exhausted, pale, bathed in warm perspiration, he threw his whole body forward to utter his last note, a note that seemed to die away and become lost at the extreme limit of space, a universal cry of approbation burst forth from all the listeners, like a company firing at the word of command. Obaldouï flung himself upon the singer's neck, and hugged him in his long bony arms.

(To be continued.)

## Correspondence.

### MR. MANNS AND J. B.

IN reply to a letter signed J. B., and sent to us by Mr. Manns's adverse Scotch critic, which we published in our last issue, Mr. Manns has favoured us with a communication consisting of a letter of his own and a voluminous correspondence which passed between him and the Scotch gentleman in question on a previous occasion. According to the moderate computation of our printer (himself a Scotchman of an unimaginative turn of mind), the materials thus placed at our disposal would make from five to six columns of the type technically called "Long Primer." With all due regard for Mr. Manns, who is an excellent artist and an old and valued friend, we cannot devote six columns of Long Primer to his grievance. We subjoin, however, the more salient points of his letter, and if any reader of *The Musical World* would like to take cognizance of the aforesaid correspondence, or of the newspaper cuttings previously sent to us by J. B., the loan of these documents, for an indefinite period, is heartily at his disposal. Before parting finally with this subject we may recall to the memory of our readers the remarks with which we prefaced the republication of Mr. Manns's original letter to the *North British Daily Mail*: "As a general principle," we said on that occasion, "a musician had much better eschew print, unless it be on a staff of five lines. Wrangling with the critics seldom produces anything but bad blood, and a bitter taste in the mouth of both parties." The prophecy contained in these remarks, like most of our prophecies, has been verified in a manner little desired by our prophetic soul.

Mr. Manns could well have afforded to consider his reputation sufficiently established to survive the disapproval of the musical critic of the *North British Daily Mail*:

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,— . . . . My letter, published in your issue of the 6th of March, has already stated that I have had no dispute with the Scottish press, except in the case under discussion, about which I must now beg you to publish the full correspondence, a copy of which I enclose.

Your readers, the majority of whom, I have some reason to think, know me well as a man and a musician, will, by scanning the contents of these letters, be enabled to form also a pretty perfect idea of "J. B." and his views and principles as a musical critic; indeed, a *much more correct picture of my accuser*, than the contents of his letter published in your issue of 20th of March, in spite of its various illustrations of himself, can possibly convey.

In reference to the various items of bold assertions, and of mysterious threats of further revelations contained in that letter, I will just mention that I did write four private letters to three different Scottish critics, one of whom I have valued for years as a friend, and the others gentlemen whom I had every reason to count amongst my well-wishers. These letters were, however, not remonstrances. They were all written in the spirit of private communications, and contained nothing which a musician, under conditions similar to mine at that time, would not be justified in writing to musical critics of whose goodwill he felt himself assured.

In simple truth, I am guiltless of having remonstrated against "Opinions" in any way; but I have firmly demanded of the musical reporter of the *North British Daily Mail* a correction of his thoughtless assertions, because they consisted of misstatements of facts.

. . . . Lastly, I can conscientiously assure your readers that the Choral Union orchestra of this last season (consisting of 85 members, increased sometimes to nearly 100), contained quite as much first-class material as had been secured for any of those of the six previous seasons.

In short, it was equal in general merit to the best orchestras I have had the pleasure of conducting during my long career as a musical director. It follows that, with such splendid material at my command, I succeeded in reproducing at the various concerts in Scotland most of the prominent features of merit of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. . . . Yours, etc,

Crystal Palace,

March 23, 1886.

AUGUST MANNS.

### AN EDITORIAL DILEMMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—The arrangements for the creature comforts of the editorial staff of *The Musical World* are, no doubt, as near perfection as possible, and emulated, in all probability, by all your contemporaries; but in one instance, at any rate, success such as yours has not been attained. On Wednesday evening last week the Editor of a musical monthly stayed later than usual in the editorial room: his work was heavy, his hours were all too short. During a temporary lull in the active working of that busy brain, he heard below the slamming of a door. Rushing downstairs in an agony of excitement and in editorial dread that something terrible had happened, he found to his dismay that the front door (the only one) had been firmly closed and locked *on the outside* by the last assistant on the premises, who had entirely overlooked the presence of the unfortunate prisoner. Had it been the much-badgered sub-editor, or a striving-to-please contributor, the matter would have been sufficiently serious; but for the *rédacteur en chef* (as our Gallic friends delight to term the all-powerful one) to be in such a sorry plight was almost too, too horrible. However, presence of mind—a conspicuous feature in every editorial brain—came to his rescue, and he telephoned to a friend, who at once came on the scene, and arranged for his exit in a speedy (but undignified, uneditorial) manner, down the face of a back wall. The moral is obvious. Trusting you will find room in your valuable paper for this highly interesting letter.—I am, &c.,

BIG DRUM.

[What is the moral?—ED. M. W.]

## Concerts.

### SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Last Saturday's concert was chiefly interesting on account of the performance of Cherubini's fine Quartet in E flat—a work too seldom heard at the Popular Concerts—by the group of players whose associated names have become a household word. Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti were playing together for the first time this season, a fact which would have escaped notice, save for a slight imperfection in the *ensemble* of the first movement, but this was amply compensated for in the performance of the *largo*, with its four beautiful and ingenious variations, and of the dainty scherzo with its Spanish characteristics. Boccherini's Violoncello Sonata in A, and Beethoven's Violin Sonata in C minor, were included in the programme for the benefit of Signor Piatti and Herr Joachim respectively, and were played in a manner beyond all criticism. Miss Zimmermann contributed three or more strictly speaking, two of Schumann's most familiar pieces; for the *Nachtstück* in D flat is, strange to say, less well-known, though not less beautiful, than its companion piece in F; while the Romance in F sharp and the *Novellette* in F, are almost more often heard than any other of the composer's works. The vocalist was Mr. Ernest Birch, whose voice and method have considerably improved since his last appearance at a concert of importance. In both respects there is still plenty of room left for farther progress, and if due attention is paid to the important subject of intonation—Mr. Birch's is at present by no means certain—he may take a fairly prominent position. His songs were Scarlatti's "Se tu della mia morte," Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" and Buonocino's "Love leads to battle."

### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

It is not so many years ago that the so-called posthumous quartets of Beethoven were regarded, if not as the ravings of a madman, at any rate as the productions of a genius in its decline. Thanks to Herr Joachim and other artists, and perhaps still more to the general change which has come over public opinion, these works are now listened to, not only with respect, but with unmistakable enjoyment; and hence the quartet in C sharp minor Op. 132, given on Monday night, formed the most important feature of the concert. The executants were MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, a combination which has the advantage for the critic that it makes further remarks unnecessary. Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist, and played Schumann's study in Canon, in B minor, and *Novellette* in D, No. 2, for pianoforte alone, and, in conjunction with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, Beethoven's pianoforte Trio in G major. Mr. Lloyd being ill, Mr. Thorndike took, or at least did his best to take his place; but the audience was in some measure compensated by the opportunity thus afforded of hearing two new songs by Miss Maude Valerie White, accompanied by herself. The first of these "Die Hemmelsaugen" was one of the best specimens of her talent.

### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Important musical novelties are not overlooked at the Crystal Palace, and the addition at an early date of Gounod's "Mors et Vita" to the repertory was consequently a foregone conclusion. Under very favourable conditions the work obtained its initial performance on Saturday last, being heard with thoroughly adequate choral and instrumental resources, the attendance of an unusually large audience indicating the general acceptability of the production. Into the characteristics of the sacred trilogy it is unnecessary to enter. These have been already frequently discussed. It is sufficient to record that the rendering of the oratorio was a highly meritorious one. The solo parts on Saturday were in competent hands. Miss Annie Marriott was entrusted with the chief soprano music, which she delivered effectively throughout, a special feature of the performance being her refined and devotional singing in the solo (with chorus) "Felix Culpa." To Miss Hope Glenn was assigned the principal contralto music, and Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley, who it will be remembered took part in the original presentation of the work at Birmingham, once more undertook the tenor and bass solo music

respectively, delivering it in each instance with great refinement of style, and due power of expression. The choruses were carefully and steadily given, and the important orchestral accompaniments were admirably played from first to last, the striking instrumental movement "Tuba ad ultimum judicium" and the broad flowing melody "Judex" being among the specially successful achievements of the band. At the close of the oratorio which was given in its integrity, and without break, Mr. August Manns who conducted, was recalled to the platform, a compliment thoroughly well merited. To-day (Saturday) the first part of the concert will be made tributary to Beethoven, the date being nearly coincident with the anniversary of the death of the illustrious composer (March 26, 1827). The selection from his works will include his Concerto for violin and orchestra in which Herr Joachim will be the solo instrumentalist.

### MR. FRANKE'S VOCAL QUARTET.

The fourth and last of the twelfth series of these concerts was given last Tuesday and fully equalled in interest those which preceded it. By introducing concert-goers to the higher class of vocal quartet, Mr. Franke is simply doing for the latter what the Popular Concerts have done for instrumental chamber music, and as he has been fortunate enough to obtain good execution of a good idea, the success of these entertainments need not be wondered at. Last Tuesday, the second series of Brahms's "Liebes-Lieder-Walzer" was repeated with even increased success, Miss Hamlin, Miss Lena Little, Mr. W. J. Winch, and Mr. O. Fisher being the vocalists, but interest, on this occasion, was in great measure centred upon the appearance of Herr Julius A. Röntgen of Amsterdam, who in his performance of a pianoforte solo of his own, speedily asserted his claim to be regarded as a pianist of high order. The composition in question bore the title of "Variations and Finale on Hungarian Czardás," and proved to be a work of considerable interest and importance. Many in the room who came unprepared for it, became suddenly alive to the fact that they were listening to a great virtuoso's interpretation of his own work, and the performance created a veritable sensation. The composer also accompanied the quartet in his *Toscanische Rispetti*. The other item in the programme was Mozart's String Quintet in D, rendered by MM. C. Deichmann, L. Roever, H. Krause, K. A. Sterling, and C. Ould.

### MR. WALTER WESCHÉ'S CONCERT.

At Mr. Walter Wesché's Concert on the 23rd inst., he fulfilled the duties both of composer and executant, being assisted in a cleverly written trio of his own in E flat, by Mr. Wiener (violin), and Mr. B. Albert (violoncello). Besides the singing of Madame Fassett, a new song, "A last good night," effectively rendered by Mr. Munkittrick was particularly successful, and further compositions from the pen of Mr. Wesché may be looked forward to with some degree of interest, Mr. Wiener contributed soli on the violin, and Mr. B. Albert arrangements of "Berceuse" (Rénard) and "Chaconne" (Durand), for the violoncello. Considering the extensive repertory of music for this instrument, it seems a pity that recourse should be had to music originally written for instruments of a different nature. The concert concluded with a Pianoforte Concerto in A major by Mr. Wesché, the orchestral parts having been arranged for a second pianoforte on which Mr. George Sumpter rendered efficient aid.

### MISS EMMA BUSBY'S CONCERT.

Among the numerous concerts of the week Miss Emma Busby's Pianoforte Matinée on the 23rd inst., deserves a word of mention. Several pieces, notably Airs and Variations (Rameau), Sarabande and Gigue (Handel), and Ungarishe Tänze (Brahms) were played with great intelligence and musical feeling; the same may also be said of Beethoven's Sonata in A major for violoncello and pianoforte, in which Miss Busby was ably assisted by Signor Pezze. The large drawing rooms of 74, Courtfield Gardens were well filled by an audience eager to appreciate the many points of excellence in the rendering of the various works. Some vocal duets by Rubinstein and Miss Carmichael, artistically sung by Misses Henrietta and Gertrude Nunn, were well calculated to please those present.

## THE MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY,

More than ordinary interest attached to the performance at Willis's Rooms, given by the Musical Artists' Society on Saturday evening, as it was announced that the successful quartet, for which a prize of twenty-five guineas had been awarded by the society, would be heard for the first time. Mr. Algernon Ashton, the composer, has written his work with due regard to classical form; and it cannot be said of him that he has nothing to say, and has wasted much time, ink, and paper in saying it. His String Quartet in B flat comprises, in its four movements, Andante and allegro con brio; Adagio sostenuto; Intermezzo, Allegretto con grazia; and Finale, Allegro vivace—good ideas, well-conceived, and developed with hardly a superfluous bar. The work is a good specimen of scholarly writing, and for this reason should not be wanting in popularity; and the entire performance, more especially the Intermezzo, with its curious violoncello *pizzicato* accompaniment, was received with every sign of approbation by an audience which listened throughout with attention, and called for the composer at the finish. It is desirable that a repetition of the work should be made under more favourable circumstances, the performance on the present occasion having been far from perfect. With regard to the Trio in D minor—written, we believe, many years ago, by Lady Thompson, *née* Kate Loder—with which the programme commenced, a few words only are necessary. The first movement opens with a theme of great breadth and melodious flow, the pianoforte part—which had the advantage of being rendered by Miss Fanny Davies—taking a very prominent and difficult place all through the work, which savours somewhat of the Mendelssohnian style. With the exception of a quartet by Henry Baumer, the remaining vocal and instrumental items, for the most part rendered by the composers themselves, were of no special merit, wherefore comment is unnecessary. The arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gilbert; Mr. J. Parry Cole being at the pianoforte, and Messrs. Wiener, Ellis Roberts, Wright, and B. Albert forming the string quartet.

## MUSICAL CRITICISM "AS SHE IS WROTE."

(From "Punch.")

Under the auspices of the London Harmonic Union (of which His Serene Highness Prince PUMPERNICKEL, of Potstausend, is President) a very fine selection of Music was performed last night at St. James's Hall before an overflowing house. Long before the conductor, Herr Armeteufel, had taken his stand upon the *rostrum*, every seat had been appropriated; and while amateurs naturally mustered in strong force, the professional element was very strongly represented in the *auditorium*, as well as upon the chairs which, to meet the unprecedented demand, had been arranged behind the orchestra. The concert opened with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. This colossal work is doubtless the finest of the master's earlier symphonies—excepting, of course, the tenth and eleventh—and is too well known to require any detailed analysis at the present day. Suffice it to say that the splendid band worked to perfection in the familiar strains under the rhythmical beat of Herr Armeteufel's *bâton*.

Naturally the greatest interest centered round the production of Mr. John Smith's new "Tone Poem," entitled *The Maid of All Work*. This, the only novelty included in the scheme of this season's *prospectus*, was bound to attract the *cognoscenti*, and indeed all those who have the welfare of national music at heart. Mr. Smith is stated to have derived his inspiration from an incident occurring in his own household. Be this as it may, the subject is evidently of an intensely romantic nature, and the composer, in dealing with it, has had the good sense to divide it into distinct movements, with an appreciable break between each. The musicians are thus enabled to snatch a few moments' breathing time about every forty minutes—a notable improvement on the old plan.

On a first hearing it is almost impossible, and it might be also indiscreet, to attempt to enter into a minute criticism of the *Maid of All Work*. It will be sufficient to record the favourable impression produced by the *pizzicato* of trombones in the *adagio*, combined with the ingenious contrapuntal facility involved in the introduction of a syncopated figure in triple time upon muted flutes and *oboi*. The rendering by the instrumentalists was more than adequate; but of

the work as a whole it is undesirable to speak with authority until we have been able to ascertain in which direction the *consensus* of the critics will go. In the meantime we shall suspend our judgment.\*

## Concerts of the Week.

	TO-DAY (SATURDAY).	P.M.
Saturday Popular Concert .....	St. James's Hall... 3	
Saturday Concert .....	Crystal Palace ... 3	
London Sunday School Choir Concert .....	Albert Hall .... 8	
Royal Amateur Orchestral Concert .....	St. James's Hall 8	
Sims Reeves's Concert .....	Albert Palace ... 7.45	
	MONDAY, 29.	
Monday Popular Concert .....	St. James's Hall... 8	
	TUESDAY, 30.	
Mr. F. Lamond's Second Pianoforte Recital .....	Princes' Hall ..... 3	
Messrs. Osborne & Williams' Concert .....	St. George's Hall, 8	
	WEDNESDAY, 31.	
Mr. Max Pauer's Pianoforte Recital .....	Princes' Hall ..... 3	
The "Redemption" .....	Albert Hall ..... 8	
	THURSDAY, APRIL 1.	
Philharmonic Society's Concert .....	St. James's Hall...8	
	FRIDAY, 2.	
Mr. F. Lamond's Third Pianoforte Recital .....	Princes' Hall ..... 3	

## PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, March 27.—10 a.m.: Service, Confirmation in Henry VII.'s Chapel at 10.15 a.m. by Archbishop of Canterbury.—See Special Programme.—3 p.m.: Service, (King) in C; Anthem, No. 103 (Ps. cxxxix. 1), "O, Lord, Thou hast searched" (Croft).

SUNDAY, March 28 (*Third Sunday in Lent*).—10 a.m.: Service, Benedicite (Keeton) in E flat; Jubilate (Arnold) in B flat; Hymn after 3rd Collect, No. 124; Continuation Calkin.—3 p.m.: Service (Hopkins) in F; Anthem, No. 305 (Ps. lvi. 14), "O come hither" (Crotch); Hymn, after 3rd Collect, No. 125.—7 p.m.: Service in Choir.—See Special Programme.

## Notes and News.

## LONDON.

We are compelled for want of space to hold over notices of Miss Zimmermann's Recital, and of the Bach Choir Concerts, both given on Thursday.

Mr. Barnby has resigned his conductorship of the musical services at St. Anne's, Soho. His official duties in connection with the Royal Academy will begin next autumn.

An amateur performance of the *Merchant of Venice* will be given by the Strolling Players, under the direction of Mr. Charles Fry at St. George's Hall, next Saturday, April 3, when the whole of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music will be given (for the third time in London) by the Strolling Players' Orchestral Society, conducted by Mr. Norfolk Megone.

The second Philharmonic Concert, given on Thursday last week, was without features of special interest. Signor Bottesini played the "Introduction and Bolero," familiar to Monday Popular audiences, but supplemented by orchestral accompaniments for the occasion. He also conducted an overture, "Graziella," of his own composition, a work which is pretty and harmless and was received with the favour almost always vouchsafed to composers who sue for public applause by their appearance at the conductor's desk. Mr. Ebenezer Prout, who conducted a very good performance of his own Symphony in F, met with a similar ovation. M. de Pachmann played Mozart's Concerto in D minor; and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel contributed vocal pieces to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Sir Arthur Sullivan being absent on account of ill-health, his place was taken by Mr. George Mount.

A concert in aid of the Benevolent Fund of the Gallery Lodge (No. 1928), of which Bro. Chas. F. Pardon is Worshipful Master, was given at the Brixton Hall, Brixton, on Saturday. Despite the inclemency of

\* We wanted an independent criticism, and we've got it. Only if he suspends his judgment again, we'll suspend HIM.—Ed.

of the weather there was a good attendance of the brethren and their friends, and the result was not only an artistic but a pecuniary success. The artists were Madame Thayer, Miss Lizzie Mulholland, Miss Béné Fowell, Miss Alma Evelyn, Miss Alice Farren, Mr. Percy Palmer, Bro. Frederick Cundy, Mr. Herbert Jewell, Mr. Henry Horscroft, Bro. Wilhelm Ganz (piano), Bro. W. L. Barrett (flute), M. Theodore Werner (violin), Herr Otto Langey (violoncello), Mr. Sidney Hill (organ), and Mr. Lee Davies (piano), all of whom acquitted themselves to the full satisfaction of the audience. Brother Ganz (a Past Grand Master) gave Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, and a pianoforte solo of his own, embodying the "Nightingale's Trill" and "Qui Vive." Kalliwoda's Trio in D for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte was adequately rendered by M. Werner, Herr Langey, and Mr. F. F. Buffen, and Mr. Sidney F. Hill gave several organ solos with good effect.

Miss Fanny Davies gave a pianoforte recital at the Princes' Hall last Wednesday. The chief items were Beethoven's sonata in A major, Op. 101; and Schumann's *Carnaval*, in both of which she displayed considerable executive skill.

Madam Schumann's first appearance this season will take place at this afternoon's Popular Concert.

The title of the new orchestral concerts to be given during next winter, and mentioned in our last issue, will be The London Symphony Concerts. Mr. Henschel will be the conductor. Sixteen concerts will take place at St. James's Hall, seven in the afternoon and nine in the evening, beginning Wednesday, November 17, and continuing weekly (with the exception of three weeks at Christmas and New Year) till March 16. The orchestra will number seventy-two resident musicians; leader, Mr. Carrodus. The third number of the programme of each concert will always be a symphony, after which the second part will consist chiefly of music in a lighter style. At every concert one or more soloists (instrumental and vocal) will appear. The concerts will be of one hour and three quarters' duration, those in the evening commencing at 8.30, those in the afternoon at three o'clock. Of unreserved seats at 1/- there will be upwards of 600. The prices for single reserved seats will be 7/6 and 3/-; of those for 3/- there will be 500. There will also be subscription tickets issued for all reserved seats. Mr. Henschel was for three years conductor of the Boston Symphony Concerts (U.S.A.), during which period he conducted 126 symphony concerts in Boston and other New England cities. The list of guarantors which has been sent to us contains many names well-known in art, literature, and society.

The first of a series of Students' Concerts in connection with the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music, will be given at the Princes' Hall next Saturday afternoon (April 3). Three of the professors of the Conservatoire will assist—Mr. R. E. Miles, Mr. A. J. Greenish, and Mr. Charles Fry—who will recite Macaulay's "Virginia." A feature in this programme will be Hofmann's "Song of the Norns," which will be given under the direction of the principal, Mr. G. F. Geussent.

#### PROVINCIAL.

**BELFAST.**—Miss Dicks's first chamber concert given on Friday, the 19th inst., at the Ulster Minor Hall, was well attended and passed off with success. The programme contained, *inter alia*, Beethoven's trio in G major, No. 2; Selections from Brahms's Liebes-Lieder-Walzer, and an arrangement for the pianoforte of the "Dance of Death," of Saint Saëns. All the papers are unanimous in speaking well of the pianoforte playing of Miss Dicks, who was assisted by Herr Beyschlag, conductor of the Belfast Philharmonic Society, Mr. H. Cohen (violin), and Herr Rudersdorff (violoncello). The vocalists were Miss Burne, Miss M. K. Clarke, Mr. T. Blair Boyd, and Mr. A. L. Ireland.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—The Cambridge University Musical Society's Concert, given annually with the kind help of Dr. Joachim, took place on Friday, March 19. The programme was an interesting one, though it contained no absolute novelty. The Symphony was Schumann's No. 2, in C, which excited much enthusiasm in the audience, to many of whom it must have been new, as it had never been performed in Cambridge before. Herr Joachim appeared both as composer and as violinist; his soli were the Beethoven Concerto and three small pieces of Schumann arranged for violin solo and orchestra, while his Elegiac Overture, in commemoration of Heinrich von Kleist, opened the second part of the concert. The work had not been heard in Cambridge since its first performance in 1877, and its repetition was very welcome. There were two chorals—*Ajax and Ulysses*, written for the Gloucester Festival of 1883; and the second, Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, for double chorus, which was given here at a concert in February, and repeated by desire on this occasion. The Ode was not appreciated at Gloucester as it deserves to be, but at Cambridge its sterling qualities won great applause, which was acknowledged by the composer himself. Dr. C. Villiers Stanford conducted the concert with energy and discretion.—The usual series of Wednesday Popular Concerts has concluded; they were far more a musical than a financial success, and grave doubts are expressed as to the possibility of their continuance next year.

**EDINBURGH.**—The Edinburgh University Musical Society gave its nineteenth annual concert, on Monday, when the programme included, choruses (of course for male voices) by Haydn, Beethoven, Marschner, Reichardt, King, Calcott, Verdi, Oakeley, &c. The soli were Schubert's "Erl-king;" Wagner's "Abendstern" (*Tannhäuser*); Hobbs's ballad, "Phillis," and "Mary Morison," by Mr. R. McEwen, who played two pianoforte pieces by Schumann. An orchestra, partly amateur, with professional aid from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Manchester (including two of Mr. Halle's horns) played, after the only rehearsal obtainable, overtures by Handel, Rossini, and Auber, and gave the necessary support to the chorus. The president of the society, Sir Herbert Oakeley, conducted as usual. Two of his compositions, a chorus, "Shall I tell you whom I love?" and a Scotch song, "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?" were contained in the programme.

**GLASGOW.**—The second recital given in St. Andrew's Hall on Friday, March 19, by Mr. Frederic Lamond, was again from every point of view an unqualified success. Previous to Friday evening Rubinstein has been the only pianist who has ventured on a pianoforte recital in our great concert hall, or who succeeded in fixing and fascinating the attention of a vast audience by his own unaided efforts. Mr. Lamond has again delighted and astonished the public by his power and freshness of conception, and Glasgow has honoured itself in doing honour to her young townsmen. His future career will now be watched with keenest interest. After the three London concerts, he returns to Weimar and renews study under Liszt. The Friday programme included Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 57, the Variations on a Russian Theme, Op. 76, Chopin's Fantasia in F minor, Op. 49, Ballade in F minor, and Nocturne in C sharp minor, Liszt's "Soirées de Vienna," No. 6, and Tarantelle from *Venezia e Napoli*, Schumann's Fantasia in C, Op. 17, and transcriptions by Tausig of Bach's Sonata and Fugue in D minor.—Misfortune seems still to pursue M. de Pachmann. His concert last night suffered from a double misadventure—the audience, owing to a large fashionable entertainment elsewhere, was very small, and the pianoforte played on by the great pianist got out of order. M. de Pachmann's annoyance at his inadequate reception and the misconduct of his instrument was displayed with a frankness which amused an audience eager to atone for its small bulk by sympathetic applause. M. de Pachmann's greatest success was achieved in Raff's *Giga con Variazioni*, from the D minor Suite, in Chopin's Nocturne in E major, in two Studies by Moscheles, and in small pieces by Henselt, rendered with exquisite delicacy and refinement of style. M. de Pachmann returns to Glasgow in April, when it is hoped a large audience and a reliable pianoforte may make amends for the contrempts of last night.—The "Kyrle" Choir gave last week a concert of more than usual excellence. Under its present conductor, Mr. Woolnoth, the chorus has made great progress. J. F. Barnett's Cantata "The Building of the Ship," was the principal work, the soli being sung by amateurs who proved themselves to be most capable performers. A very good performance of Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, was given by Miss M. McCormick, one of our resident pianists, who plays with taste, accuracy, and intelligence. Mr. Woolnoth deserves great praise for an achievement which was quite above the average of amateur societies.

**LIVERPOOL.**—Mr. Ross's third concert on Saturday last attracted an audience which, in point of numbers and enthusiasm, even exceeded the gathering at the previous performance. The first portion of the programme comprised Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, including the Overture, Scherzo, Elf March, Nocturne, Dance of Clowns, and Wedding March, with the incidental dialogue which was gracefully read by Mrs. Edward Saker. The whole of the musical numbers were rendered in an admirable manner, befitting in every way the delicate fancies embodied by the composer, and the *tempo* of the Wedding March, often so much hurried, was in this instance just what it should be. In the second half of the programme Ponchielli's brilliant ballet music from *Gioconda* was given for the first time in Liverpool, and proved an acceptable little work, full of charming melody, and cleverly scored. The other orchestral item consisted of Auber's *Domino Noir* overture. The success achieved by Miss Nettie Carpenter upon her previous appearance, led to a re-engagement, and in the two violin solos, although comparison was challenged with the acknowledged masters of the instrument who have recently appeared here, she fairly held her own, and considerably strengthened the favourable opinion which her previous performances had aroused. Her first item consisted of Mendelssohn's E minor Concerto which was played with judgment as well as executive effect, while the bright rendering of Sarasate's *Zigeunerweisen* evidenced a thorough artistic spirit. The orchestral scoring of this last piece presents exceptional difficulties, but Mr. Ross's tact, and the collective ability of his orchestra, overcame all obstacles. Mr. Seymour Jackson, a Manchester tenor, who has recently joined the Rosa company, was the vocalist, but his singing of two time-worn ballads did not make a favourable impression. He has a voice of fair range, and of some degree of purity, but a marked readiness in the upper notes, and a defective and unfinished manner, scarcely permit one to look for any great things in the future. It had been intended that this concert should be the last of the series, but so

large an amount of success has been attained that arrangements will probably be made for another on April 3.—The first of the free Saturday evening recitals on the St. George's Hall organ, took place last week before an audience of about 1,300, being about double the number who formerly paid for admission. Inclement weather, and insufficient advertisement, however, are answerable for the comparative smallness of the attendance. The programme included Herold's *Zampa* Overture; Sir Henry Bishop's Trio and Chorus, "The Chough and Crow;" Schloesser's March, "Les Enfants de la Garde;" Handel's G major Concerto; Parker's Sarabande, *Dorothea*, and the March of Israelites from *Eli*. So excellently arranged a programme of popular music could not fail to be attractive, especially when rendered by such a performer as Mr. Best, but it was noticeable that the *Zampa* overture, and the marches, obtained by far the largest share of applause. The rendering of Bishop's Trio was unfortunately marred by the ciphering of one of the notes which necessitated the suspension of the performance for the time being. Mishaps of course must occasionally be looked for even in the best regulated organs, but this defect in connection with the noble instrument in St. George's Hall is a growing one, and considering the large sum which is annually paid for repairs and tuning, it is not too much to expect that such an evil, which tells so unfairly upon the performer, should be reduced to a minimum. The second free Sunday afternoon recital again attracted an audience of some thousands, although it was noticeable that a large proportion of these were of a class who could afford to pay for their music; yet, seeing that the rates support both organ and organist, it seems only logical that the ratepayer should have an equal chance of enjoying the performance with the dweller in court and alley, whose contribution in the past has been rather towards public house "free and easie's" than anything of a higher standard.

OXFORD.—The University Glee and Madrigal Society, a recently organized choir of 140 voices, gave its second concert, under the direction of Dr. Roberts, in the Sheldonian Theatre on March 5. It seems a pity that the institution of a third choral society in so small a city as Oxford, should have been thought desirable; the more so, as it does not appear from the two concerts already given that the new society aims at a higher standard of performance or proceeds on any different principles of organization from those of the two already in existence. The programme was well chosen, covering three hundred years, from Byrd to Leslie; it contained one novelty, a part-song in twelve parts "War, Wine, and Harmony," written for the occasion by Sir F. Useley. It is not every one that can dance in fitters, and with so stern a contrapuntist as the professor, rules are rules, and writing in twelve parts means twelve-part writing; one must not therefore complain if the effect of his *tour de force* was massive rather than melodious. The glee singing of Messrs. J. O. H. Carter, L. D. Hildyard, H. W. Webster and A. A. Jackson, undergraduates in Magdalen College Choir, was the feature of the concert. A murmur of astonishment ran through the audience when Professor Max Mueller seated himself at the piano-forte to accompany his daughter in her songs; it is not generally known that he is an accomplished musician.—On March 18, the Professor of Music gave his second lecture on "Spanish Church Music," in the Sheldonian Theatre. Enumerating, with short biographies, the most important composers mentioned by Eslavas, whom he quoted as his authority, he selected for special mention (1) Victoria, as being, in his opinion, the absolutely greatest Spanish composer; (2) Tafalla (circa, 1650), as having followed the example of Monteverde, in Italy, and introduced unprepared fundamental discords into ecclesiastical compositions, hitherto confined for resources of ornamentation to suspensions, retardations, and passing notes; and (3) Duron (circa 1700) as the first to employ a stringed orchestra, an Italian practice of forty years standing at the time, and in whose compositions are found such innovations as independent organ parts, sequences of dominant sevenths, and the chord of the minor thirteenth. The Professor spoke of the seventeenth century as an epoch in which Spanish Church Music underwent a complete transformation, mainly for the better, but in some degree for the worse; the gain in originality is great, and an improvement in the expression of the sense of the words becomes noticeable, but simplicity and severity are discarded in favour of an ornate and sensuous style. In conclusion, the Professor said that, in comparison with the Italian school—admittedly the first in the world—the inferiority of the Spanish is very slight, and bears out the saying that Spain is the son, Italy the daughter, of the Latin race. The Spanish school lacks melodiousness, but possesses greater force of expression. Four motets were sung by a special choir of forty voices, organized, trained, and conducted by the Rev. J. H. Mee, M.A., Mus.Bac., of Merton College: "Credo quod Redemptor," by Lobo; "Agnus Dei," by Caseda; "Hei mihi," by Salazar; and "O vos omnes," by Duron; the last with organ. The next lecture will deal with a continuation of the same subject, after which we are promised a series on the popular songs and dance music of Spain.—The title of the cantata which Mr. C. H. Lloyd is writing to the verse of Mr. F. E. Weatherly for the Gloucester Festival will be *Andromeda*.—The Musical Club has given the B flat Sextet of Brahms, the Septet of Beethoven, and the Octets of Schubert and Mendelssohn at its last two meetings.

## FOREIGN.

The latest accounts of Mlle. Van Zandt, who was taken seriously ill at St. Petersburg, are more favourable.

According to *Le Figaro*, Mme. Heilbron is dangerously ill at Nice.

Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty* was performed at Boston on the 3rd instant. The solo vocalists were Gertrude Franklin, Sophia C. Hall, J. C. Bartlett, and Clarence Hay. The cantata was warmly applauded.

Great interest was excited by the selections from *Parsifal* recently given at a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and a crowded audience attended.

Frl. Lilli Lehmann, who has organized an extended concert tour in America, gave on Monday, the 9th, a successful concert in New York, assisted by Franz Rummel, the pianist, and Ovide Musin, the violinist.

BERLIN, March 22.—Last Monday Alexis Holländer conducted the first performance of Th. Gouvy's dramatic cantata, "Oedipus auf Colonus," in which Frl. Overbeck, Herrn. Schelper, P. Haase, and Dierich sang the principal parts. On the same day M. Sauret and H. Grünfeld gave their third subscription concert, assisted by Herrn Adolfi, the Viennese singer, and A. Grünfeldi; and Xaver Scharwenka conducted the first performance of his new Symphony in C minor, in the Concert Haus. It is a work of great beauty and earnestness, and met with considerable success. A great deal of Scharwenka's instrumentation is on Wagner's model, but his soft and tender melodies, especially the 'cello motive in the Adagio, are very original. The movements are as follows: Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, Adagio, Finale.—At the Deutsche Theatre, the Lyceum of this city, Sophocles' "Antigone," translated by J. J. C. Donner was, with Mendelssohn's music performed in a very successful manner. It was repeated during the week.—At the last concert but one of the Philharmonic, Professor Klindworth conducted, the programme containing Haydn's D major Symphony; Berlioz's Overture, "Les Francs Juges;" Heinrich Hoffmann's Suite "Im Schlosshof;" and M. de Lovertz's C minor Concerto, admirably performed by the composer.—The other day M. Sauret performed the violin Concerto of a talented young Swedish musician, M. Schengrin, now on his travels. The work has received the rare honour of being accepted and published by Peters.

PARIS, Wednesday night.—It is some time since M. Alexander Dumas fils wrote the "Prodigal Father." With a similar flippancy of title, which was no doubt regarded by many here as especially promising, "Josephine vendue par ses sœurs," a new operetta, written by MM. Paul Ferrier and Fabrice Carré, with music by M. Victor Roger, was produced last Saturday at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The success of the piece, due to a humorous libretto, bright music, and vivacious acting would seem to warrant the belief—perhaps I might say the fear—that writers of comic opera will now cudgel their brains for other titles equally suggestive, and that a run upon biblical parodies is probably in store for us. There is a Josephine, a Benjaminine, and a family of jealous sisters who manage to rid themselves of the obnoxious heroine, a singer and Laureate of the Conservatoire, to an Egyptian Impresario. The latter is revealed in due time as Pharaoh Pasha, in search, not of prime donne, but of recruits for his harem, and in the second act the scene is transferred from modern Paris to modern Egypt. Potiphar, in this piece, is a nephew of Pharaoh, and a confirmed woman-hater. The idea of Egyptian bondage is developed, and the parallelism maintained throughout with considerable ingenuity and humour. Among the original features of M. Roger's music may be cited a comic quartet, in which are combined a love duet, a music hall song, and an old-fashioned romance. Of important operatic events there is literally nothing to report.—An interesting concert was given last night by M. Georges Mathras, one of the prominent professors of piano-forte at the Paris Conservatoire. Four of his pupils who have taken first prizes at that institution played with success some of his compositions, eighteen numbers in all. On the same night, M. Muratet, a new tenor, made his début at the opera in *Faust*, but without conspicuous success.—M. and Mme. Munkacsy gave a grand party at their house this evening in honour of Liszt, and several works of the venerable master were executed by Saint-Säens, Marseck (violin), Bürger ('cello), and Diemer (piano). The distinguished audience was aroused to the greatest enthusiasm when, towards the end of the soirée, Liszt seated himself at the piano-forte and played his "Epilogue." In conversation with some English friends Liszt expressed his interest in modern English music, mentioning specially Messrs. Hueffer and Mackenzie's opera *Colomba*. A constant procession of the musical artists of Paris, especially of pianists, passes in front of the Hotel de Calais, rue des Capucines, where Liszt is now staying. But he is rarely to be seen, as he spends most of the day in the studio of M. Munkacsy, who is at work on a portrait of the great master destined ultimately for his native town. The performance of the *Graner Messe* at the church of St. Eustache, with orchestra and choir under Colonne's direction, takes place to-morrow. Liszt will be present. Works of Liszt figure in the programmes of next Sunday's concerts at both the Chatelet and the Eden Théâtres. At the former Faure will sing, and at the latter the pianist will be M. Planté.

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